

The ODS

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Summary: Alan, a Secret Agent disguised as an ODS works for the UNSC on the field of battle to keep an eye on the soldiers. One of my first fics, haven't completed whole chapter yet, just wanted some R&R to see if writing this story is worth it! Tell me if it has

The ODS

"Helljumpers"

Chapter 1: No One Makes the First Jump

Approaching jump point. T-minus two minutes. Alan jumped in his seat, startled by the pilot's voice. His black armor clanked on the seat. Today was Private Alan's first official jump. Alan had been training for this day for almost two years, its about time he gets to see what he's really made of. "Listen up Marines!" Corporal Cypher shouted. "The Covenant have overrun a UNSC city, and apparently, the Commander isn't to happy. In two minutes, we'll be flyin' right over the city. It's our job to blast in there and clear an LZ. For _some_ of you this may be your first jump," the Corporal stole a glance at Alan and a few others around the pod bay, "All I've got to say to you is good luck...and hold on to your pants, because you're in for one hell of a ride. Suit up Marines!"

Alan grabbed his helmet. As he picked it up, he noticed his hands were shaking. "First jump, Eh?" Apparantly, the ODS sitting next to him noticed too. "Hope you've written your will, no one makes their first jump." The man chuckled. Alan was about to say, 'Then how are you still alive?' But instead, "Thanks for the advice..." Alan didn't want to get off to a bad start with any of the other ODSs. ODSs, or Orbital Drop Shock Troopers, were the toughest and most brutal soldiers on the battelfield. They usually used the hit-and-run, strike hard, and kill first and ask questions later tactics. ODSs, most of the time, were dropped directly in to the middle of enemy-infested areas and cleared a space for reinforcements. They were the spearhead of the UNSC army; planetside at least. Alan was a

newly recruited ODST. He stood about six and a half feet tall, and weighed, with ODST armor, just shy of 400 lbs. He was trained to use almost every kind of weapon or vehicle available; and when there were none available, he was trained to fight tooth and nail. Alan was ready for anything, he hoped.

"Alright Marines! Lock and load!" the Corporal ordered. Alan stepped into his drop pod with his Battle Rifle and sat in the crash seat. He heard a short burst of static in his helmet then, _Strap in Marines! Here we go! _Alan's pod door slid shut. His fingers gripped tight over his hand rests. Alan's stomach lurched as the pod suddenly blasted down. Alan squeezed his eyes shut. _Get ready Marines, sails opeing in 3...2..._ Alan suddenly jerked in his seat...hard. He banged his helmet on the top of the pod and swore. _What was that Marine?_ Alan cursed himself for keeping his COM channel open. "Nothing, sir!" _Good, cause your gonna be swearin' a whole lot more in a few seconds! Brace for impact!_ Alan noticed the pod decelerate. Alan squeezed his handrests so hard, he felt the metal creak. _Impact!_ The pod slammed into something. Alan smakced again right onto the top of his pod. Everything went black...

Alan blinked. He blinked again. His head was throbbing with pain. _Ugh...What the hell happened. Where am I?_ he thought. He tried to look around. Everything was black. _Am I dead?_ He sat for a moment trying to wake himself back in to reality. Then he remembered. The jump! Alan fumbled around his pod and grabbed his MA5B Battle Rifle and cocked it. He then slammed the release button for his pod door. The door blasted open and brilliant light streamed in, blinding Alan. He leaped from the pod, his finger resting tense on the trigger of his rifle. Alan stood in place, aiming his rifle around. He heard nothing. No shouting, no bullets, no plasma, no nothing. Alan gave his eyes a minute to adjust. He looked around the crash site. His pod had landed on top (well rather it was inside of) a small building. Around him were shattered memories of what used to be a humble home. Broken pictures, looted drawers and cabinets, clothes and trash strewn across the room; Alan felt sorry for the inhabitants of this living space. He quickly cast these thoughts of pity aside. No time for thinking, he had a battle to fight. He keyed open a COMM channel on the small pannel on his wrist. "Come in Alpha Team. This is Private Alan reporting. Does anyone read?" Alan waited for something to return. Nothing but static. "I repeat, this is Private Alan to Alpha Team. Does anyone read me?" Still nothing. Alan keyed his COMM Pad to his dropship. "This is Private Alan from Alpha Team to Battleship 097860 Do you copy?" His helmet echoed with static. "I repeat this is Private Alan to The Crimson Eagle. Do you copy?" Alan inspected his COMM pad. It could've been damaged during the jump. It looked normal. Alan took off his helmet to think.

End
file.